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ETERNAL HOSTILITY TO THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

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The Grog-Seller's Dream.

BY GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

The grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire
With his feet as high as his head and higher;
Watching the smoke as he curled it out
That in spiral columns curled about,
Velling his face with its fleecy flood,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled;
While a doleful scent and a dismal gloom
Were slowly gathering to fill the room.

To their drunken slumbers one by one,
Foolish and fuddled his friends had gone
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's name,
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain;
Browlily rang the watchman's cry,
"Past two o'clock and a cloudy sky."
Yet the host sat watchful still, and shook
His head and winked with a knowing look.

And he winked again with a knowing look
As from his cigar the ashes shook;
He! he! the yankers are in my net,
I have them safe and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he!
He swells the way I like to see;
Let him go on at this same rate,
And his farm is mine as true as fate.

He! he! said he, with a chuckling tone,
I know the way the thing is done;
Twice five are ten, and another five
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well filled fol;
He! he! it is rather a good night's job;
The fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them—the cash is mine.

I have a mortgage now on Tompkins' lot,
What a fool he was for becoming a sot;
But 'tis lucky for me, for in a month or so,
I shall foreclose, and the soap must go;
Zounds! won't his wife have a taking on
When she hears that her house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber, and sob and sigh,
How business is business, and what else is?

And Gilson has murdered his child, they say,
He was drunk as a fool but yesterday;
And I gave him a hint, and went to fill
His jug, but the brute would have his will!
And the folks blame me, oh blame their gizzards,
If I didn't sell he would go to Lazzards;
I have a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where cash's to be made.

If men get drunk to go home to turn
Their wives out of doors, 'tis their own concern;
But I hate to have women come to me
With their toddle dum and their toddle dee,
With their avoocin eyes and haggard looks,
And speeches learned from temperance books;
With their pale, lean children, the whimpering
toole.

Why can't they go to the public schools?
Let the huzzies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with their's;
I will never turn a customer away,
Who is willing to buy, and able to pay;
For business is business, he! he! he! he!
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee;
Many a lark I've caught in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet.

He, he, he! 'twas an echo's sound,
Amazed, the grog seller looked around;
This side and that, through the smoke peered he,
But nought save the chairs could the grog-seller see.
He, he, he! with a guttural note
It seemed to come from an iron throat,
And his knees they shook while his hair 'gan to rise
And he opened his mouth and strained his eyes.

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Shed an uncouth form, with an aspect grim;
From his grizzly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard, rough horns a pair;
And redly his shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous smoke did his small eyes glow;
And his lips curled with a sinister smile,
And smoke belched forth from his mouth the while.

In his hand he bore (if a hand it was)
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,
A three tined fork, and its prongs so dull,
Through the sockets were thrust a grinning skull.
Like a spectre he waved it to and fro,
As he softly chuckled he he, he, he,
And all the while were his eyes that burned
Like sulphurous smoke on the grog-seller turned.

And how did he feel beneath that look?
How his jaw fell down and he shivered and shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb
As if an ague fit had hold of him!
And his eyes to the monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood;
And the fiend laughed out, he, he, he, he,
And whisked his tail in his quiet glee.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend," he said,
And nodded his horns of his grizzly head;
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well,
In a very warm country that men call hell;
I hold my court, and am glad to say
I've not a more faithful servant in pay
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil,
Mayhap you don't know me; I'm called the do."

Like a galvanised corpse, so pale and wan,

Up started instantly that horror struck man,
And he turned up the white of his goggle-eyes
With a look of half terror and half surprise;
And his tongue was loosed, but his words were few.
"The devil you don't—yes, faith I do,"
Interrupted old Nick, "and here's the proof
Just twig my tail, my hands and my hoof."

"Having come from a warmer country below,
To chat with a friend for an hour or so,
And the night being somewhat chill, I should think
You might ask an old crony to take a drink.
Now let it be warm, the clear pure stuff,
Sweetened with brimstone—a quart is enough;
Stir up the mess in an iron cup,
And beat by the fire till it bubbles up."

As the devil bade, so grog-seller did,
Filling a flagon with gin to the lid;
And when it boiled and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore.
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh;
But few and faint were the smiles I ween
That on the grog-seller's face were seen.

For a mortal fear was on him then,
And he deemed the ways of living men
He would tread no more—that his hour had come,
And his master, too, to call him home.
His thoughts went back to the darkened past,
An' shrieks were heard on the wintry blast;
And gliding before him pale and dim,
Were jibbering fiends and spectres grim.

"Ho, ho!" said Nick, "'tis a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who's been for years in your employ;
Running about like an errand boy;
But we'll not fall out, for I plainly see
You're rather afraid—'tis strange, of me,
Do you think I have come for you? never fear,
You can't be spared for a long time here."

"There are hearts to break and souls to win,
From the ways of peace to the paths of sin;
There are homes to be rendered desolate,
There is trusting love to be turned to hate;
There are hundreds whom murder must crimsoned
There are hopes to be crushed, there is blight to be
spread
Over the young, the pure and fair,
Till their lives are crushed with the fiend despair."

This is the work you have done so well,
Cursing the earth and peopling hell;
Quenching the light of the inner shrine;
Of the human soul till you make it mine;
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,
Around the spirits you have marked for me."

"Oh, selling of grog is a good device,
To make a hell of Paradise;
Wherever may roll the fiery flood;
'Tis swolken with tears and stained with blood;
And the voice that was heard before in prayer
With its muttered cumber stirs the air;
While the hand that shielded the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill."

"Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God, your cup;
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human woe.
Long will it be, if I have my way,
Kee the night of death shall close your day.
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival in mischief the devil himself."

No more said the fiend, for clear and high
Rang out on the air the watchman's cry;
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,
The grog-seller woke, it was all a dream.
His grizzly guest with his horns had flown,
The lamp was out and the fire had gone;
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long on the wonderful vision thought."

Lines on a Keg of Brandy.

Within these prison walls repose
The chattering tongue, the horrid oath;
The fist for fighting nothing loth;
The passion quick no words can tame,
That bursts like sulphur into flame;
The nose with rubies glowing red,
The bloated eye, the broken head!
Forever fastened be this door!
Confined within, a thousand more
Destructive fiends of human shape,
Even now are plotting an escape.
Here, only by a cork restrained,
In slender walls of wood contained,
In all their dirt of death reside
Revenge that ne'er was satisfied;
The tree that bears the deadly fruit
Of murder, maiming and dispute;
Assault that innocence assails,
The images of gloomy jails;
The giddy thought on mischief bent,
The midnight hour in folly spent;
All these within this cask appear,
And Jack, the hangman in the rear,

General Santa Anna arrived at Vera
Cruz on the 1st inst.

Address to the People of Virginia.

We have received from our esteemed
friend, LUCIAN MINOR, Esq., of Vir-
ginia, a pamphlet copy of an address
to his countrymen, entitled, "Reasons
for abolishing the liquor traffic." We
have read it with great interest and
profit, and shall, as we cannot publish
it entire, give some extracts.

Our readers want facts and argu-
ments, and the Organ is the principal
medium through which they are to
obtain them; hence, they will not
complain of us, if we give them a *con-
siderable* of a good thing. In regard
to the magnitude of the evil, as con-
trasted with others which have agi-
tated the world, Bro. Minor says:

Now glance at the records of The
Past; and see a few of the instances in
which ills immeasurably smaller than
those you endure from the Liquor-
Traffic, have caused rulers to be de-
tested, put to death or banished,—or
have convulsed nations with civil war.

1. History has branded the "Bloody
Mary," of England, with everlasting
infamy, for her butcheries of those who
could not agree with her in religious
belief. Yet the martyrs whom she
butchered, in her reign of four years,
were but 280. Not one-fifth so many
as die in Virginia every year, by the
Liquor-Traffic! And each one of
these deaths, it is safe to say, was pre-
ceded and attended by more than ten
times the misery that Queen Mary's
exulting martyrs and their friends en-
dured.

2. A century afterwards, King
Charles the First was warred against,
dethroned, and beheaded by his peo-
ple, for oppressions which produced
but a single unlawful death,* before
the sword was openly drawn in civil
war; and which involved pecuniary
exactions to the amount, probably, of
not half a million of dollars: not a
tenth of the tax which the makers
and vender of strong drink levy upon
you every year!

3. The English Revolution of 1688,
was occasioned by tyrannical acts of
Charles' son, James the Second, which
tended, indeed, towards despotism,
and involved many judicial murders,
as well as intolerable fetters upon reli-
gious freedom. But the murders ex-
ceeded not four or five hundred; and
the restraints upon Religion had not
practically carried wretchedness into
any great number of English families.

4. Our own Revolution had for its
cause not one drop of blood spilled, nor
any large amount of moneyed exac-
tions. Till the fight at Lexington,
which began the war, not one Ameri-
can had perished illegally by the hands
of George the Third, or his myrmi-
dons. And the unconstitutional tax-
ation which his Parliament practised,
or attempted, was in itself very trivial:
meriting, and meeting resistance only
because of the principle it involved; the

* And that was the death of Sir John Elliott, a
leader of the Opposition in Parliament, who died
while unlawfully imprisoned in the Tower.

precedent it would have set, of taxing
us without right. But because it did
involve that germ of tyranny, our an-
cestors rose and shook off the British
yoke by a war of seven years. It is
worth remembering here, that in each
year of that war, there perished by
the sword, by prison-ships, and by
camp-fevers, all combined, less than
half so many of our countrymen as
now perish every year by the Liquor-
Traffic.

5. Humanity has long been shocked
by the human sacrifices of India;
where, on the festive days of their
deity, while his hideous and gigantic
image moves along in a towering car,
drawn by multitudes of men, his de-
luded votaries prostrate themselves
before its wheel, to be crushed by
them: deeming that an acceptable of-
fering to the god. The Hindoos have
recently diminished much, if not abol-
ished, the barbarity. But when it was
at its worst, an intelligent explorer
mentions less than one hundred and
fifty lives as annually immolated to
Juggernaut. Not one tenth of the
(often more precious) lives yearly sac-
rificed in Virginia to our Moloch—who
here well maintains his ancient char-
acter, of

— "horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears!"

Many of you remember the shudder
that thrilled through our State when,
by the burning of the Richmond Thea-
tre, in 1811, seventy Virginians per-
ished. Among them were the brave,
the accomplished, the fair, and the
lovely. A cry of mourning echoed
along our streets, and woods, and hills.
Suppose it had been then proposed to
re-build the Theatre; and it had been
certain, or nearly so, that another such
catastrophe with all its deaths and hor-
rors, would ensue in every following
year! Would not the Legislature
have been forced, by a resistless Pub-
lic Opinion, to forbid the re-erection?
Yes—and under penalties that would
have made the prohibition most effec-
tual! Why, without any anticipation
of another such fire, and without any
legal prohibition, the mere awe which
that tragedy imprinted on the public
mind prevented the appearance of a
new Theatre in Richmond for nearly
nine years! Now, you cannot doubt,
that among the *twenty-times seventy* an-
nual Virginian victims to the Liquor-
Traffic, there are more than seventy
as much to be mourned for, as the vic-
tims of that burning Theatre were.
Remember how commonly the demon
of Strong-Drink makes the best men
his prey: then consider how many of
those annual victims have been the
loved and honored centres of circles,
humble or exalted, where true and lov-
ing hearts rested upon them through
long years, even after subjection to
their enemy had begun; and, as that
subjection grew from month to month
more absolute, while the man was be-
coming a brute, how much misery he
inflicted upon those loving hearts in
his mad hours, and upon himself in
the dreadful collapses of his half-gober
intervals!—and consider, that those

* Buchanan—Christian Repository in Hindostan.